

DAILY MAGAZINE PAGE FOR EVERYBODY

The First Steps for Baby Along the Paths of Beauty

By LUCREZIA BORI, Prima Donna of the Metropolitan Opera Company, New York.



LUCREZIA BORI

If you desire your children to grow up in perfect health and beauty, lay the foundation while they are very young. Remember, "as the twig is bent, so grows the tree."

Physical and mental development are merely a matter of physical training, and even the puny delicate child can be made strong and beautiful. Exercise is far more effective in children than in later years. You will find that the results are almost immediate. We all know that play is the most important factor in child life. This exercise is normal; he will spend all of his waking hours in some active form of amusement which nature demands in order that the muscles may develop.

This, however, is not enough, for the growing child requires corrective exercises that will remedy any weakness of the chest or back, which affects the general carriage and causes stooped shoulders or a cramped chest.

Six-Year-Old Exercises. Teach your child a series of exercises, which should be systematically followed, that the best results may be obtained. I advise you to watch particularly the child that is inclined to be nervous or prefers to "crawl off" to a secluded corner with a book, instead of getting outdoors to play "tag" or romp with other children.

Born in babyhood to develop the physical perfection of your child. All the stretching exercises can be "dished out" in the form of play, and he will never know that he is working. If yours is an only child, call in his playmates and direct their exercises in such a manner that they will long for the time to come when they "play exercises."

Some of the simple stretching exercises for children under six are these:

1—Raise the arms straight above the head at full length, then bring them down level with the shoulders. Repeat this movement at least 20 times.

2—Stoop over as if playing "leap frog" with all knees, and try to touch the floor with the right and left hands alternately. Stop this exercise before the children become tired.

3—Raise the body on tiptoes and stretch the muscles. Then bring the heels back to the floor and the arms to the sides of the body. When the children show signs of fatigue stop this exercise.

Bars Feet and Beauty. Squatting exercises are also beneficial. The feet are placed under the trunk and a sitting posture is taken. Raise and lower the body several times. This exercise will tire the muscles more quickly than the others, but it is excellent.

An exercise which will involve most of the muscles and is beneficial for children of any age is the following movement:

Stand with the body erect and the arms outstretched on a level with the shoulders. Bring the body down to a squatting position, and at the same time cross the arms over the chest.

A flat chest is a common weakness, and while running will do much to correct the fault and give the lungs space to develop, special exercises should be given to enlarge the chest cavity.

All movements which raise the arms high above the head and bring the shoulders back will prove effective.

Personally, I find a circular movement of the shoulders—forward, then upward, then far back, and finally downward—will work wonders with a sunken chest.

The feet of children should be as unhampered as possible. Allow the kiddies to run barefooted when the weather is warm, and in winter provide sandals and moccasins for indoor wear.

Plenty of rope-skipping, now that spring is approaching, dancing, running and hop-scotch should be indulged in. Never ask a child to "sit down and be quiet" if he is engaged in wholesome play.

FEMININE FOIBLES

By Annette Bradshaw



THE SKIRT BONDAGE THAT WAS AND THE LIBERTY THAT IS.

Diary of a Well-Dressed Girl

By SYLVIA GERARD

VARYING THE WARDROBE BY THE SEPARATE BLOUSE PLAN

ANN-LEE TILDEN, my cousin on the paternal side, came yesterday to spend the Lenten calm in our midst. We've all succumbed to her fascinations, and Dad said that he thought we had a lively addition to our family, and even if we were all "missing on the seas," he'd be glad to see her. We had a pretty good time at home. We hadn't seen Anne-Lee for years, and, judging from her pictures, I feared that she was going to be a sit-on-the-sofa-and-sew-a-fine-seam sort of girl. She always appeared to be so faultlessly correct and frocked.

To the contrary, she's a good sport, and her hair gets mussed up as much as any ordinary girl's.

She says we're quite now, for she had the same opinion of me, and dreaded her visit here. I'm not sure, but I think her company served to set our minds at ease, and now we're the best of pals.

She's an economical dresser, and keeps Dad entertained with her songs and caricatures, which are decidedly clever.

We went down to the office this morning to bring Dad home to lunch, and she snatched every one in the place and disrupted business generally.

I ought to be jealous, she's made such a hit with Dad, but I have him all to myself so much of the time that I can't afford to share him with a cousin now and then.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

Now had the question been: "What is the chance of a married player for lasting domestic happiness?" the answer would have been sadly ready: "One in a thousand, or naught."

Marriage is a gamble for us all, but the theatrical vocation of Hymen does not get a square deal. In fact, she has to play her matrimonial game against marked cards, since that is what the manager's sad against married couples in his company, the public's dislike for married lovers, added to the natural "couseness" of male human nature really amounts to. So it rests with each individual actress.

If she wants her share of all that life can give of love and happiness—wants it so greatly she is ready, open-eyed, to pay the price in disillusionment, pain and sorrow—if she feels she can bluff extravagantly on an absurdly low hand, and believes herself to be a good loser, she may yield to the primal instinct of normal womanhood—let the profession go hang—and with her chosen mate hit to the altar.

Of course, the success of the marriage is proportionate to the usefulness of both, and—well, actors are not world-famed for usefulness. If a sacrifice is demanded it's the wife who makes it. It has often happened that a prominent and popular actress has submerged herself, accepting a third-rate part on a quarter-rate salary in a company where her husband was leading man, thus reducing her income, losing prestige and sacrificing ambition and pride, all for love of husband and the natural desire to be with and to "look after" him.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

PETER'S ADVENTURES IN MATRIMONY

By LEONA DALRYMPLE

Author of the new novel, "Diary of the Green Van," awarded a prize of \$10,000 by the M. K. Tarsell and S. B. McClure as Judges.

What Hugh Said. MARY'S voice had been telling me that I was a little bit of a woman. For quite a minute or so I said nothing at all. I couldn't. For I was filled with a kind of pain about my heart that Hugh Jaynes' interest in my wife was not wholly unshared. Mary, in spite of my bombastic assertion to Joan, was not indifferent to his interest. I read that in her eyes, in her heightened color, in the very way she avowed my eyes.

I was terribly hurt, of course—hurt enough to forget for the minute that my feet, too, had strayed from the wayside, but the keen barb of introspection whispered that my primal hurt was wounded vanity.

It was the elemental man of descent and ready in a passionate fit of resentment to fight my way back into the arms of my wife. Elemental, too, in that Mary had never looked so beautiful to me as she did tonight with the glorious mist of her hair hanging about her shoulders, and her fair, smooth cheeks flushed with excitement.

Sparks of Jealousy. And even in that first moment of my hurt I realized that Mary's innocent affection was my salvation. It saved me from Joan. Heaven alone knows how I should have felt if I were through my brief experience with Joan, feeling sure of my wife's utter fidelity. In all probabilities I should have gone home with the high erotic notion in my heart that I was one of Love's big martyrs—crucially sacrificed—that Joan was my true mate, kept from me by a melodramatic Fate, and likely my open idolatry to my wife would have been labored and irritating to myself and her.

But Fate, dropping the spark of jealousy into my heart, had supplied me with a rival. I saw clearly that I was in this first real crisis of my married life, to keep my head, for Mary plainly was ready to lose hers, and, therefore, when I spoke I kept my voice as quiet as possible. The more rationally we could talk the foolish thing over, the better for both of us.

Mary plainly was strung to the breaking point. One word of reproach from me and there would be hysterics to "So," I said in an evenly conversational tone, "you're not going home with me, Mary? Is that what you mean?"

"No-no," said Mary, wildly, "I didn't, of course, mean that. I—oh, Peter, don't know what I did mean!"

"I think I know," I said. "You've made a big mistake in marrying me; that's it. Isn't it? I don't understand and appreciate you. I haven't been kind. I've been overcritical, and you see no reason why you should go on wasting your life when there is some one perfectly willing to understand, sympathize and appreciate."

Mary Faces Fear. "Oh, Peter!" Mary's voice broke in a wild sob. It was, of course, merely a keen suspicion—this bromidic paraphrasing of an old, old argument, but to my frightened little wife it sounded uncannily like mind reading.

"Isn't that what Hugh said?" I asked. "Mary didn't answer. Her eyes were so frightened that I felt a little sorry for her."

"And so," I went on, "after talking it all over very carefully tonight, 'Peter' 'Didn't you?' 'I—e-e-e.' 'It seems better if—' 'If my wife,' I said gently, 'has gone so far as to think of divorce, why may I not say it?' Mary shuddered."

THE GOLDEN ROSE. By Vernon Merry. THERE was once a king who was suffering from an incurable malady. All the learned doctors of the kingdom were called to his bedside, but not one was able to help him.

One night he dreamed that in a garden, at the end of the world, grew a golden rose, the mere sight of which would restore him to perfect health.

The next morning he called all his courtiers and bade them go in search of the rose. To the successful one he promised the hand of his daughter, the Princess Griselda.

Among the courtiers was a youth who was not very popular because he was silent and did not care to mingle with the gay revellers. For this reason he was called "Silent John."

He had always admired the lovely Princess, but being only the younger son of a count he knew that she would marry a noble of higher degree. So Silent John was overjoyed when he heard the King's proclamation and he started out determined to find the golden rose.

On, on he rode, until he reached a desolate country, and on the border of a desert came upon a fox that was dying of starvation. Silent John had only a small amount of food, but he gave half to the poor creature, and the grateful fox said: "The others would not stop to feed me, so I let them beavil on over the desert, when I could have directed them to take that road, which leads to the world's end."

"You have done me, so follow it and in three days you will reach the garden wherein grows the rose, guarded by a fire-breathing dragon. When he rushes toward you throw this hazelnut—it is filled with magic—into his mouth. He will vanish immediately. Then pick the rose and leave before the giant, who owns the garden, catches you."

Then the fox disappeared and Silent John joyfully followed the beast's instructions. He found the garden, picked the rose and brought it to the King. Silent John wedded the princess and, as she had always loved him too, they lived happily to the end of their days.

Clara Morris Says

THAT AN ACTRESS MUST PAY DEARLY FOR EVERY HOUR OF MARRIED HAPPINESS.

Should an actress marry? The question was asked with great gravity and earnestness, but I felt constrained to answer in Yankee fashion, by asking two more.

"Is an actress a woman?"

"Well, should a woman marry?"

People don't bother about whether the woman drummer, lawyer, doctor or dressmaker marries or not. What's the worry about the woman actor?

Outsiders make the mistake of regarding the actress wholly from the professional standpoint. They should remember that she had the "senses, affections, passions" and natural instincts of a woman before she became an actress, and of the "eternal feminine" her femininity is the most exaggerated.

Now had the question been: "What is the chance of a married player for lasting domestic happiness?" the answer would have been sadly ready: "One in a thousand, or naught."

Marriage is a gamble for us all, but the theatrical vocation of Hymen does not get a square deal. In fact, she has to play her matrimonial game against marked cards, since that is what the manager's sad against married couples in his company, the public's dislike for married lovers, added to the natural "couseness" of male human nature really amounts to. So it rests with each individual actress.

If she wants her share of all that life can give of love and happiness—wants it so greatly she is ready, open-eyed, to pay the price in disillusionment, pain and sorrow—if she feels she can bluff extravagantly on an absurdly low hand, and believes herself to be a good loser, she may yield to the primal instinct of normal womanhood—let the profession go hang—and with her chosen mate hit to the altar.

Of course, the success of the marriage is proportionate to the usefulness of both, and—well, actors are not world-famed for usefulness. If a sacrifice is demanded it's the wife who makes it. It has often happened that a prominent and popular actress has submerged herself, accepting a third-rate part on a quarter-rate salary in a company where her husband was leading man, thus reducing her income, losing prestige and sacrificing ambition and pride, all for love of husband and the natural desire to be with and to "look after" him.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

When circumstances prove too strong, and the break comes, she puts the child into his place and proceeds to worship and to serve. A heavy burden in other's eyes, to her shield, her strength, her joy, keeping her heart warm and spirit young to that day when she brings forward the stalwart son or fair-faced daughter she has reared and fitted for the start in life. Oh, yes, actresses should marry (God help them!) if they want to.

Secrets of Health and Happiness

Why "Foreign Enclosures" Can't Harm "Clean" Wounds

By DR. LEONARD KEENE HIRSHBERG

A. B., M. A., M. D. (Johns Hopkins)

A JUDGMENT of \$1000 was recently rendered against an eminent surgeon of the Johns Hopkins Hospital for leaving a piece of gauze bandage in the wound of a patient, and Mrs. George E. Bates, wife of the well known New Yorker, alleging carelessness of the surgeon, has filed a suit in the supreme court for \$5000 damages against Columbia University as proprietor of the Sloane Hospital for Women. She alleges that surgeons who operated on her at the hospital carelessly sewed up in her abdomen a rubber finger stall.

Mrs. Bates went to the hospital a year ago last January to be operated upon for removal of a tumor. After the incision was made, she alleges, the surgeons decided not to proceed with the operation, and sewed up the wound. On May 11, she asserts, the finger stall was discovered.

Many Busy Hands. And so it goes. Hardly a week goes by that some surgical patient does not awaken to the fact that the surgeon has left some substance—possibly his spectacles, a finger ring, a pair of scissors, or some cotton bandage in an open wound during an operation. Almost everything from forceps to fruit knives has been recovered from the body of mankind, but we have yet to hear of any serious injury that followed this species of medical absent-mindedness.

And why? How does it happen that the best surgeons thus expose themselves to the charge of gross carelessness or even malpractice? So frequent an occurrence must have some reasonable explanation, and an anatomist besides an orderly who carries necessities back and forth. All of the doctors and nurses are fully covered up—sterilized in white, sterilized linens. Their hands, arms, faces and hair are disinfected, and even eye-glasses and finger-rings have been completely freed of germs.

After the incision has been made the busy assistants and nurses adoptly and almost in a flash stitch up each bleeding spot. So quickly is this accomplished that it is rare nowadays to have a patient—even during a tedious operation on the kidneys or appendix that lasts three hours—lose more than a thimbleful of blood.

Between the skillful moves of the chief surgeon, the others stanch the drops of blood with pinners, forceps, needles and sterile gauze. Everything that reaches the wound is thoroughly sterilized and perfectly free of all microbes.

It is then any wonder, with several pairs of busy hands and 50 busy thumbs and fingers, not to mention scores of little instruments such as lancets, scalpels, forceps, scissors, needle-holders, bits of gauze and silk—that every now and then, he as careful as any man, one little instrument or piece of bandage will sometimes be stitched up in the wound?

Cleanliness Immunity's Guard. Strange to say, none of these "foreign enclosures" not any of the articles left in the field of operation, if free of germ life can accomplish any harm. The human tissues cannot be injured by steel, iron, gold, nickel-plated, or linen materials. Instruments, gauze, or even rubber may be in use, but they do not clean cut for years without harm of any kind resulting.

The victim of such accidents, of course, is left to any wonder, with several discovery—all such foreign bodies are discovered sooner or later—has worked no harm.

Apply at night: Calamine, 5% drams; zinc oxide, 2 drams; phenol, 1/4 dram; glycerine, 2 drams; lime water and rosewater enough to make 3 ounces.

A DAILY READER—Q—My boy, 11 years old, is afflicted with headaches. I had glasses made for him, but they did no good. I give him half a headache powder when he gets a headache. Do you advise their use?

Do not give him any more powder, but have him eat green vegetables, carrots, cabbage, celery, clear soups, spinach, figs, prunes, dates, fish, poultry, bran bread, and drink three quarts of water daily. Have his eyes re-examined thoroughly, and keep his bowels active. Also have his nose and throat examined.

A CONSTANT READER—Q—For the past year or more I have been bothered with itching all over my body. I would like to know what I can do to cure myself of this awful throb?

Apply at night: Calamine, 5% drams; zinc oxide, 2 drams; phenol, 1/4 dram; glycerine, 2 drams; lime water and rosewater enough to make 3 ounces.

Dr. Hirschberg will answer questions for readers of this paper, free of charge, by hypodermic and sanitation subjects that are of general interest. He will not undertake to prescribe or offer advice for individual cases. Where the subject is not of general interest letters will be answered personally. If a stamped and addressed envelope is enclosed, address all inquiries to Dr. L. K. Hirschberg, care of this office.

Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

DEAR ANNIE LAURIE: One of the nicest boys I ever met is very angry at me. I wanted to tell him something important and I couldn't get him over the phone, so I kept on ringing, and now he is angry. He said that his manager complained about his being called so many times on the telephone, and said that he didn't wish to speak to me again. It was awful to me, so I asked the manager of his office, and he said that he would make it all right.

Then I wrote a letter to the boy asking him to forgive me, and he said he would, but sent it back with a note as bad as the first. I am nearly crazy with worry, and you tell me the best way to do it—try to forget him and wait for a while?

HEART BROKEN. WHY, you poor, little, foolish, selfish girl, you! What a miserable mess you have made for yourself to be sure.

But you have escaped lightly. Don't forget that—very lightly, indeed.

What if the young fellow had answered you politely at the phone and had then made fun of you to the others, and told his chum that he never saw a girl such a fool over a boy as you were over him. How would you have felt then?

What in the world did you call him up at his office for? Don't you know that a fellow of his age is paid for his time, and that every instant he takes of that time to devote to you or any other girl is stolen and may be charged up against him in the black books of the man who pays his salary?

And now what shall you do? I'll tell you what I'd do. I'd take my courage in my hand and the next time I met that young man I should walk straight up to him and say:

"Thank you for giving me a lesson. Tell him quite frankly that you never realized what you were doing, and that now that you do realize it you are glad he told you."

Tell him you were brought up outside the world of business and did not understand the rules of life there.

Don't cry; don't make a scene; don't even stammer or hesitate or seem embarrassed. Just speak frankly and simply and honestly as you would to another girl, and then let that young man severely alone. You'll have won his respect at least.

And whisper, little girl, when there's calling up to be done let it be the man who does it.

Annie Laurie

Latest Separate Blouse Ideas

Anne-Lee sees well, too, and is helping me to make a blouse to wear with my blue gabardine. She has three pretty blouses, and we're copying one of them with a few modifications.

I bought a very lovely piece of shadow lace and had it dyed blue to match the cloth of my suit.

Since most of the smart blouses have high collars and long sleeves I bought a pattern with the sleeves cut in one with the bodice portion.

Anne-Lee's blouse has touches of tulle to trim it, but she suggests that I use the gabardine for the long, tightly-fitted cuffs and the high girde. This was a happy thought, for it produces even a smarter effect than either the tulle or velvet could have given it.

The girde and cuffs are trimmed with rows of small bullet buttons, covered with the gabardine, and arranged in straight lines down the sleeves from the elbow to the wrist and from the throat to the waistline.

The upper portion, made of the lace, is perfectly plain, save for a soft fullness above the girde.

I find the high chokers too severe and unbecoming, so I fashioned the collar of a double-pleated frill, fastened at the

side beneath a flat bow of blue ribbon velvet. This relieves the plainness of the blouse and meets the requirements of fashion, which demands that high collars be worn.

The collar of Anne-Lee's blouse are open at the throat and stand up crisply about the back of the neck. She wants to "cage" her throat, insisting that she has a "breast" and she says she'll finally become accustomed to them—when they're out of style.

side beneath a flat bow of blue ribbon velvet. This relieves the plainness of the blouse and meets the requirements of fashion, which demands that high collars be worn.

The collar of Anne-Lee's blouse are open at the throat and stand up crisply about the back of the neck. She wants to "cage" her throat, insisting that she has a "breast" and she says she'll finally become accustomed to them—when they're out of style.

side beneath a flat bow of blue ribbon velvet. This relieves the plainness of the blouse and meets the requirements of fashion, which demands that high collars be worn.

The collar of Anne-Lee's blouse are open at the throat and stand up crisply about the back of the neck. She wants to "cage" her throat, insisting that she has a "breast" and she says she'll finally become accustomed to them—when they're out of style.

side beneath a flat bow of blue ribbon velvet. This relieves the plainness of the blouse and meets the requirements of fashion, which demands that high collars be worn.

The collar of Anne-Lee's blouse are open at the throat and stand up crisply about the back of the neck. She wants to "cage" her throat, insisting that she has a "breast" and she says she'll finally become accustomed to them—when they're out of style.

side beneath a flat bow of blue ribbon velvet. This relieves